



The nobility of a people lies not in its capacity for war, but its capacity for peace. It is, indeed, only because nations are incapable of the one that they so readily plunge into the other.
—G. Bowes Dickinson.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The common milk cracker or Boston cracker may be split, soaked in the water long enough to be filled with water—five minutes is sufficient; carefully drain, using a skimmer and put into a baking pan with a piece of butter on each. If to serve with a salad sprinkle with a little cheese or paprika; if for the afternoon tea, sugar and cinnamon; bake in a quick oven until puffy.

If eggs to boil in the shell are cracked, add a little vinegar to the water and they can be boiled satisfactorily.

Add cooked oatmeal to hamburger steaks and sausage as well as meat loaf; it saves the meat and is not noticed in the mixture unless too much is added.

When rugs lose the sizing and become flimsy re-size them. The rug should be thoroughly cleaned, then spread face down on the attic or porch floor and tacked, stretching as tight as possible. Place a pail with two gallons of water, or less (depending upon the size of the rug) over the fire; when boiling hot add a pound of pulverized glue, sifting it in so that it melts without lumping. Boil for 15 minutes. Cool to lukewarm and spread over the rug, wetting any seams with an extra wetting. Drop out with a heavy iron. When dry the rug will be as good as new.

Just inside most furnace doors is a ledge large enough to accommodate a dish or two. Beans put into a pot or iron kettle may be baked here; potatoes to bake placed in a row near the coal, turned once will be baked in a short time. Furnace cooking is a heat-saver, and if one can cook a dinner with the heat on the ledge, the saving in gas or kitchen fuel is worth while. One must use utensils which can stand the heat, and with a few experiments many dishes may be cooked well in the furnace.

Democracy knows that every man's interest, rightly used, helps every other man's, and that men are never natural enemies.

SOME QUICK BREADS

For those who like the flavor of peanuts the following will be something different:

Peanut Butter Bread.—Take one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of peanut butter, one cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, one cupful of graham flour, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix and bake forty to fifty minutes.

Success Bread.—Take one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of graham flour, one-half cupful of white flour, one-half cupful of cornmeal, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, raisins if liked. Mix well and bake 50 minutes.

Prune Bread.—Take one-third of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of fat, cream them; add one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-fourth cupfuls of graham flour, one and one-fourth cupfuls white flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one cupful of dried prunes washed, cut up and added to the batter. Bake one hour.

Steamed Nut Bread.—Take three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of sweet melted fat, one cupful of milk, one egg, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, one and one-fourth cupfuls of nuts, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of white flour, two cupfuls of graham. Mix the sugar with the fat; add the milk and one slightly beaten egg, the dry ingredients, beat well, then add the broken nut meats. Pour into well-greased pan and cover with oiled paper. Steam for two hours.

Steamed Date Bread.—Take one and one-third cupfuls of cornmeal, one cupful of graham and one-half cupful of white flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, one-half cupful of molasses and one cupful of dates finely cut. Mix well, steam three hours.

Nellie Maxwell

Thanksgiving— Some Eats!



Photo by American Press Assn.

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

AFTER Armistice day—Thanksgiving! The one day of martial thrills and, mayhaps, poignant memories; the other with its lesson that "peace hath its victories no less renowned than those of war." We may not know just yet how to celebrate November 11,

because of its newness as a day of national observance. But Thanksgiving is real old-fashioned. So we know all about the proper celebration of this old American holiday.

Popular opinion insists upon fixing the first Thanksgiving day in 1021, when the Pilgrims celebrated the gathering of their first harvest. They certainly had a large feast; it lasted five days, and they and their Indian guests ate at least five deer. The first Thanksgiving day observed in all the states was on December 18, 1777; it was recommended by proclamation of the Continental congress after the surrender of Burgoyne. For 11 years thereafter congress recommended a day of thanksgiving, and the several states made appointment in accordance. Then there was an interval in which the fixing of the date was left wholly to the states. The first congress under the federal Constitution adopted a resolution asking President Washington to recommend a day for national thanksgiving and prayer, and the President's proclamation named Thursday, November 26, of that year. The anti-Federalists made such a rumpus over it that it was not repeated until 1795, when President Washington, without recommendation by congress, set February 19 as a day of thanksgiving.

Then Thanksgiving day apparently went into the discard as a national holiday. Anyway, until 1815 there was no other national appointment. In that year, by a resolution of congress and proclamation of the President, April 14 was set apart as a day of national thanksgiving for the restoration of peace.

That was the end of an official national Thanksgiving day for nearly half a century. It was revived by President Lincoln when he appointed a special day of thanksgiving for the victory of Gettysburg, August 6, 1863.

In the meantime the American people had been celebrating Thanksgiving day pretty much all over the Union, without bothering about presidential and gubernatorial proclamations. The American knows a good thing when he sees it. President Lincoln, being of the people, took occasion with his Gettysburg proclamation to nationalize the November Thanksgiving day. So for 60 years or so Thanksgiving eats have been attacked and demolished as a patriotic duty.

Theoretically, of course, we should be planning to attend church in the morning to give thanks to Divine Providence for the mercies and blessings of the year to us both as individuals and as citizens of the greatest and wealthiest and most fortunate nation on earth. Individually, as compared with the peoples of other nations, we Americans are most of us



Photo by International

pretty well off—much better off than we realize. And really, you know, it is the easiest thing in the world to find all kinds of proof of the working of Divine Providence in our American history. By rights a public and private thanksgiving on a commensurate scale should be the nation-wide feature of Thanksgiving day.

But, if the truth must be told, most of us are looking forward to our Thanksgiving dinner as the main feature of our Thanksgiving day—thinking of the good things we'll have, if we have the price; wondering where it will come from, if we haven't.

Yes; "Thanksgiving Day—Some Eats" comes pretty near being the slogan of our great American home and family festival. So now for the eats:

Would I could say with Charles Lamb—when he wrote his ode to gooseberry pie—"Full of my theme, O Muse!" Still, the debating societies continue to thunder over the question. "Is anticipation superior to realization?" So maybe I am better off as I am. Certainly it would be a terrifying task to write this right after an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Black coffee, tobacco and peace is what a man wants then.

Turkey and cranberry sauce, that's the main thing. Really, you know, the rest is just fixin's. Nature's a pretty good old dame, after all. What if she had given us turkey and had forgotten all about the cranberries? Why, the two are just made to go together—sort of gastronomic affinities. One shudders at the thought of egg without salt, goose without apple sauce, duck without currant jelly. But turkey without cranberry sauce on Thanksgiving is unthinkable.

The man who deliberately and with malice aforethought eats turkey before Thanksgiving day should be put in jail until after Thanksgiving day, or put through a psychopathic third degree. He's sticking out his tongue and making faces at old Mother Nature. Did you ever get so thirsty that every separate atom in you was shrieking like a toothache for water? No? Well, that's the way to find out how cold spring water tastes. Did you ever shoot all day on a duck marsh when the spray froze on the paddle and push-pole? No? Well, that's the way to find out what a blazing fireplace feels like. That's Nature's way.

Why, a man ought to approach that sacred Thanksgiving dinner only after

purification like that of the knights of old. He ought to go to it hungry. He ought to go to that turkey fairly trembling with the anticipation of nearly a year of abstinence. You know that. I know it. Everybody knows it. Alas, that this Twentieth century civilization of ours with its manifold food vagaries is no longer sane, safe and sober!

And someone with really devilish ingenuity should think up punishment to fit the crime for the housewife who blocks the way to the turkey with appetizers and cocktails and soups and oysters and such like. Me, I want to sit hungry and plumb empty and watch the carving of the turkey and tremble with expectation and water at the mouth. I want my first mouthful of my Thanksgiving dinner to be turkey and cranberry sauce—turkey and cranberry sauce, and nothing else.

Of course I expect to fuss around later with stuffing and mashed potatoes and gravy and maybe candied sweet potatoes and maybe even creamed onions. And doubtless I'll find time for more than one long swig of sweet cider. But turkey's my meat Thanksgiving day. The rest is just fixin's, as aforesaid.

Salad? Well, it all depends upon the man—and how many times his plate has gone up to the carver—and what's coming. And if there's pumpkin pie and Herkimer county cheese coming—as there should be—I know one man who is not interested in the salad or in anything but that pie and that cheese. The festive board may groan with good things, and keep on groaning for all he cares.

And while we are sitting around after, at peace with all the world and the inhabitants thereof, let's pause to give a kindly thought and grateful to Lo, the poor Indian. For it was he who introduced the wild turkey to the Pilgrim Fathers. And it was he who discovered to him the pumpkin pie.

The Indian of eastern America may have been a poor, ignorant savage, according to some standards, but he had good taste in eats. And he was no fool as an agriculturist. He planted his corn in rows. And up the cornstalks climbed the bean vines. And between the rows grew the pumpkin, shading the ground and keeping down the weeds. Hominy, corn pone, cornmeal mush, stewed pumpkin, succotash, maple sugar, cranberries, nut butter—why, somebody ought to set up a monument to those noble red men alongside Plymouth Rock.



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